

Married

by Fishpuppy56

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Summary: John and Sherlock are married before Sherlock ever meets the Yard, and not everyone believes that anyone would marry Sherlock Holmes. What they don't know is that John was once again sent to Afghanistan, and Sherlock started to take on their cases to take his mind off of his husband. John is seriously injured while on tour, and Sherlock needs to help him readapt to civilian life

1. Chapter 1

AN- Hi everyone, this is my first story, hope you like. I'm looking for a beta, so please PM me if you are interested. Please let me know if you like the story so far or if you have any suggestions. I apologize for any spelling/grammar mistakes, this account is so I can work against my learning disability. Have a nice day everyone!

Disclaimer- I do not own BBC's Sherlock, even if I wish I did. Only the ideas are mine!

* * *

><p>Chapter 1<p>

"Hey, Sherlock, it's OK," John says as he wrapped me in his arms. "I'll be back before you know it. Sh-sh, come-on, it's okay, love." I can't respond right away, I throat has closed up with the tears streaming down my face and onto Johns shirt.

"But why did they have to call you back up. You were discharged a year ago, for God's sake!" I bury my head in the crook of my husband's neck, trying to lock John's sent in my mind palace before he has to go and join the group on the plain.

"I've told you this, Sherlock, and I know you remember, with that incredible mind of yours. And I also know that you wouldn't delete

something this important. They need more soldiers, especially ones who know what they are doing out in the field. It will save the army a lot of time by not having to train as many people, let alone for a second time." He gently reminds me, carding his fingers through my hair.

I can't help but think about my John as he is right now. So much smarter than he was when I first met him, after he had been discharged. Currently fitted in a dress uniform, my husband was a striking man who is up for anything is sent his way. My Captain John H Watson-Holmes.

"Don't be an idiot, Sherlock. I will be absolutely fine, I will come back to you and Mrs. Hudson. I will be fine." He tries to reassure me.

"But I don't know if I will be." I whisper. Sherlock Watson-Holmes, not knowing. It seems like a ridiculous idea, but after falling for this man, and him being pulled away from me by the idiotic army, I don't know if I'll be able to function without my John.

* * *

><p>One year later<p>

_Dear Sherlock, _

_ How have things been in London? How have your cases gone? I can't believe that it has been over a year since I last saw you, and how much you have changed. Working for, sorry, with, the Yard and finding something that you really enjoy doing. Afghanistan is the same, but we have had a lot more casualties coming in, so many that I get called up sometimes to act as another surgeon, even if I'm now a combat soldier. Speaking of which, they are moving my unit up to the front lines next week, so writing might be even harder than it is known. I don't want you to worry, even if I know that you will anyway._

_ Tell me about your cases. Any interesting serial murderers since the last time you wrote? If so, please be careful, love, I don't need a call, or more likely kidnapping, from your brother while I'm stationed at the front. Don't let Anderson and Donovan bother you too much, when I get home on leave, I'll have to stop by the Yard and set them all straight. Just because they haven't met me doesn't mean that we are not a happily married couple, even if you play your violin when you need to sleep!_

_ I'm sorry love, but I have to go, there are more casualties coming in, and I'll be needed. Be nice to your brother, say hi to Mrs. Hudson, and don't forget that I love you. Leave will be coming soon, but first I have to go to the front lines. Don't worry. I will be as fine as possible without you here._

_ I love you, don't be an idiot, _

_ John _

"Mrs. Hudson!" I yelled, after reading the letter for the fourth time. As she ambled up the narrow stairway to the flat, I began to pace. The letter from John had arrived two weeks ago, without another

in sight. As my mind ran through all of the possibilities of what could have happened to my husband, Mrs. Hudson finally appeared in the doorway.

"What is it, Sherlock? No word from him yet?" she asked

"No! Nothing!" I threw my hands into the air. "Every week he sends a letter, but none has come. Yes, I realize he is on the front lines," I say before she could ask, "he was quite clear in his letter that communication may take longer, but absolutely nothing has come through!" I launched myself into the sofa.

"Sherlock, dear, do you think it might be time to ask your brother? He is always willing to help out for the doctor. Or maybe take on a case, what do you think about all of those suicides? It's quite horrible. Oh, maybe see if a case has come through from the website!" Mrs. Hudson probed me.

"Fine, I'll send Mycroft a text! There has to be something going on."

"I'll leave you to it, dear, it's time for my soothers anyway.

I dug through my desk for my mobile, can never find the damn thing. Although I loath asking my brother for help, I see no choice in this case. My John has never been late with a letter before, and I don't see why he would start now, the idiot would never make me worry. Ha-ha! Stupid little bugger was behind the jar of eyeballs in the cabinet!

(AN ** Mycroft, **** Sherlock)**

_ Brother, do you have any information you would like to share with me about my husband? I find it strange that there he has not contacted me this week. SH_

I was waiting for your text, little brother. Your Captain's unit was moved to the front lines two weeks ago. While on a mission, his unit was ambushed. He has been in a MASH* unit for a week and a half now. I was going to tell you, but I have beenâ€¦ preoccupied. MH

_ You are an idiot for not telling me. SH_

No, just busy. You do realize that I hold a minor position in the British government. MH

_ You are the British government. For not telling me about John's condition, I ask for a full file on what happened, him to be moved to Barts as soon as possible, and a favor. SH_

Done. MH

Seeing no need to respond, I might as well clean up the flat as I wait for Johns file. He would be coming home soon, and a clean flat is the least I can do for my doctor.

* * *

><p>"Sherlock!" Mrs. Hudson yelled. "There is a lady at the door for you! Come down dressed, young man, and be polite, or I will write

John!"<p>

"Getting dressed is boring, Mrs. Hudson, there is no point in doing so right now." I replied, dashing down the stairs. I knew that it would be Morgan, Mycroft's assistant, with John's file, by the sounds of a car pulling up to the drive of the flat building. No one in London had brand new tires on their car except Mycroft at this time of year.

Reaching the door, I said, "Hello, Megan, I believe that is for me. Is that a new necklace? I know my brother's guard is sweet on you, but I wouldn't keep in so fast, you're already sleeping with him, for God's sake. And while on the job. Tisk, tisk."

"It's Anthea today, Mr. Holmes. Here is everything on your husband's injuries." She turned around and went to the car that was pulled to the curb. "Have a nice evening."

"Sherlock, no need to be so rude! What did she mean, is John hurt?" Mrs. Hudson exclaimed.

"Yes, according to my brother. This will tell us just how bad it is."

I ripped open the manila envelope and pulled out the chart.

Captain John H Watson-Holmes. Critical condition. Three broken ribsâ€| Concussionâ€| Skull fractureâ€| two bullet wounds, one to the left shoulder, one to the right thighâ€| Abrasionsâ€| punctured lungâ€| My Johnâ€| Everything is too much. Too much information- the sounds of the street, the people chatting, the noise of the city, the smell of the sewer. It's too much. Things start to go blurry.

"Sherlock? Sherlock, are you okay? Dear, you don't look so good." Funny, Mrs. Hudson's voice sounded further and further away from me. The black filled the rest of my vision.

* * *

><p>AN- Hope you like it so far, even if I left you with a cliffhanger! I'll try to update at least once a week, but please understand that I am a very busy high school student! Leave a review and tell me what you think, constructive criticism is always welcome.

*** A MASH unit was a Mobil Army Surgical Hospital, they were used in the Korean war. I don't know if they still use them today, but I wanted John to still be somewhat close to the front lines for right now.**

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

** AN- Hi everyone, I'm back. Sorry for the delayed update, I am a very busy highschool student, and am currently playing a sport seven days a week. Thank you to those who followed, favorated, and reviewed. I am looking for a beta for this story, if you are

interested, please PM me. Let me know what you think!**

_Beepâ€| Beepâ€| Beepâ€| _I can hear the steady cadence of the noise, but I can't tell what the sound is. My mind is foggy, all the doors to my mind palace seem to be locked up tight. As the fog starts to clear, the doors become less and less sticky. I yank on the door closest to me, and it flings open with a bang. As I enter the room, the objects and memories become more clear. _John._ _He was injured on tour. _

Three broken ribsâ€| Concussionâ€| Skull fractureâ€| two bullet wounds, one to the left shoulder, one to the right thighâ€| Abrasionsâ€| punctured lungâ€|

_I have to get up. I have to see my John. _I fight the glue holding my eyelids together, finally prying them open, but having to close them immediately because of the brightness of the stark white room. Slowly, I blink open my eyes again. The sight that I see is one of a hospital room. _Heart monitor, IV (saline, 600 cc's per hour), cabinets along one wall, full of drugs (all locked, any could be opened with a few seconds). There are windows, shades drawn, Mycroft's doing. Deductions lead to the conclusion that I fainted after reading John's information._

No one is in the room, idiots. Don't they know that someone who faints could have a head wound? The first 24 hours are critical, and judging by the sun through the curtains, I can't have been out for more than two hours.

I quickly sit up, ignoring the pounding in my head, and plant my feet on the floor. Someone would be coming in soon to check in on me, unless the hospital staff are completely incompetent. There is no way I will let people see me at anything other than top notch.

The sound of the door opening pulls me from my thoughts. Mycroft steps into the room, umbrella in one hand, garment bag in another.

"Well," he says, "it's good to see you awake, dear brother. If you had been out any longer, people might begin to say that I worry about you, for staying so long."

I scoff. "No one could ever accuse you about fretting over me, Mycroft. They know that there is no way into the Iceman's heart."

"Such crude words for someone who brings your clothing and news about your husband." He retorts.

"John?! Where is he? Has he been moved? Is he stable? When can I see him?" my questions burst forth before I can ebb their flow.

"First, I think, a shower and now cannot go parading around a hospital with your backside hanging out, and somehow, I don't think you would take very kindly to an orderly pushing you in a wheel chair."

My thoughts run with my brother's words. True, it had been days since my last shower, I was fretting over John's lack of correspondence to worry about the Transport. His words also revealed that my husband

was in the very same building as me, for I would not run about Barts hospital at all, unless John were here, or there was a case, but I would stay in the morgue and labs for that. My John is home, more or less safe, but not entirely sound.

I walk up to Mycroft as dignified as I can manage in a hospital gown (why would they put me in one of these atrocious things if I was only out for a few hours?), take the garment bag, and go through the lobby door, across the room.

I reemerge after changing into the suit, pulling on the shoes as I exit, in my rush to get to my husband.

"Isn't that better?" Mycroft asks, a small, overly sweet, closemouthed smile on his face. "To answer some of your questions, the dear Dr. Watson is here at St. Barts, stable as he can be, and you can see him now, so long as you follow the hospital rules, although some have been bended because of the Doctor's situation."

"What are the rules, Mycroft?" I ask through gritted teeth.

"No smoking, no insulting the hospital staff for doing nothing wrong, you cannot displace any of the machines he is hooked up to, you must eat, and follow the doctors plan for Dr. Watson's recovery."

"Done."

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoO

Mycroft lead me through the winding corridors of the hospital, which would not be necessary if he had told me what room, not saying a word. Stopping on the fourth floor, the ICUR (Intensive Care Unit Recovery*), room number 122, Mycroft opened the door with a flourish. I sped through the door only to see my doctor connected to various machines, looking much worse than when we had last spoken through Skype.

John was not wearing a shirt, and his lower half was covered with a light blanket. His shoulder was heavily wrapped in neat gauze, various ablations covered with plasters of different sized. John's leg had a large bandage covering where a bullet had grazed him, ribs wrapped like a present to keep them in place. My poor John looked like he had been through the grinder.

I look over at Mycroft, asking, "When will he be awake?" in a quiet voice.

"I will let you talk with the doctors. It will be a long recovery."

AN- Hope you like the chapter, even if John is not awake yet. He will be soon, I promise. Please let me know what you think about the story, I am always looking for ways to improve my writing. Like I said in the first chapter, this account is to help me get over my learning disability by facing it head on. Also, I am a very busy high school student, who is currently playing a sport seven days a week. I might not always update regularly.

** I am looking for a beta, if you are interested, PM me, please!**

** Review! It's the little button right below!**

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

** AN- Hi again, I tried to post again as soon as I could, but I'm writing this right before I post it, unfortunately, I don't have a chapter that I can just throw out to you guys. Thanks for those who reviewed, favorated, or followed. I'm looking for a beta, if you're interested, please PM me!**

John POV

The light faded in and out, from being blinding white to the darkest of night in the Afganistan sky. Sometimes, the color was somewhere in the middle, different shapes of gray, and it sometimes reminded me of my husbands eyes. But what was his name? Everything is foggy in my head, and I can't seem to clear it. I know that my spouse is a bloke, no girl would ever be able to keep up with the adventure I crave, no offense to women. But the name keeps slipping through my fingers, and I just can't seem to grasp it.

_ The light starts to become bright again, completely blinding me, even if there is nothing to see. As the light continues to brighten, other sensations become noticeable. Pain is the first, shooting white hot daggers through my head, shoulder, leg, and ribs with every breath I pull though my lungs._

_ Next is the feeling of the hand gripping mine like a vice, not willing to let go at any cost. I try to wiggle my fingers, succeeding in moving them a miniscule amount. Then I try to squeeze the long, slim fingers grasping mine, for it makes the pain more bearable._

_ Beepâ€| Beepâ€| Beepâ€| is the next thing that I notice, the annoying noise of the heart monaters in the field hospital. But why would I be hearing a heart monitor? Is someone I know hurt? What about my husband, whose name I still cannot discover. _

_ As the beeping gets louder, I hear someone trying to talk to me, but it sounds like they are miles and miles away, like hearing Sherlock (that's the name!) over the phone before my unit was moved to the front lines. Is it possible that I got hurt on duty?_

"Hey John, John, I can feel you moving your fingers, can you hear me? Can you hear me, John? Squeeze my hand if you can hear me. Wake up, you idiot, you have scared me half to death with worry!" I recognize the voice, it's Sherlock! But he sounds so far away. Is it really his hand that I am holding onto? I squeeze it, in case that it really is his hand. I want my Sherlock to know that I'm okay.

I have to find out. What if he is hurt, and that's why I'm hearing a heart monitor? I try to pry open my eyes, but they feel like they are glued together, as dry as the desert. It takes a few attempts, but I manage to wedge them open. As soon as I manage that, I have to immediately close them again, because of how bright it is. It is even

brighter than the light from before.

As I slowly blink open my eyes, they immediately fall on the face leaning over mine, pale skin, gray-blue eyes, and a mop of black curls.

"Sher-" I try and get the sound out of my parched throat, but it feels too much like sandpaper to actually accomplish the whole word.
"Wa-"

"Do you need some water, John? The nurse left some right here for you, let me get it. Don't try to move too much. Here you go." My husband leaned out over me again and put a straw to my lips as I drank like a dying man.

"Sherlock," I croak out, "what happened? Why am I here?" every few words was interrupted by my lungs trying to escape through my trachea, but I managed the small sentence.

"Hey, just lean back and relax. Your unit was ambushed in Afghanistan, you were shot, John. God," he said, "I thought that I had lost you when you didn't write. You have been asleep for three weeks."

"Three-" I cough, "Three weeks?" he nods

"I need to go let the nurse know that you are awake, okay? But first, you have to let go of my hand. I promise that I will be right back. Don't try and move around too much." I hadn't realized that I was still holding his hand in a harsh grip, but I let go, even if I never wanted to let him out of my sight again.

Sherlock left, and was back again quickly with a nurse and a doctor in tow. The doctor's name tag said _Dr. A. Jeffery, _ and the nurses said _Mary M. _

"Well," the doctor said, "It's great to see you awake Dr. Watson."

"Please call me John, I'm not much of a doctor at the moment." I manage to get the words of the introduction out of my throat.

"Pleasure to meet you, John, and you too, Mr. Watson-Holms," he said with a nod of his head to Sherlock. "Are you experiencing any discomfort? We had to wean you off some of the pain killers to help you wake up, but now we should be able to up the dose a bit."

I nodded, "My shoulder and leg, especially, they have given me a little trouble in the past. Old school rugby injuries." I grinned at the memory, but my smile quickly faded as I realized that I might not ever be able to play the sport again. "Just how bad off am I, Doc?"

"Well," he said, " we still need to give you a more thorough exam not that you are awake, but it looks like you will regain most of your mobility, but not quite all of it. I am confident, though, that you will still be able to continue as a doctor." The thought of still being able to help people gave me some comfort, but the road to recovery will be a long one.

** AN- How about that? Two updates so close to one another. I'm glad I am able to get this out, the next few weeks are going to be crazy school wise for me, with quite a few tests (along with the stupid standardized testing) and practice exams. A fun week all around for me. Good luck to those of you who are in the same boat as me! Please tell me how you liked the story, constructive criticism is always welcome! I am looking for a beta for this story, please PM me if you are interested, I could certainly use a little help here!**

** Please Review! ****J**

End
file.